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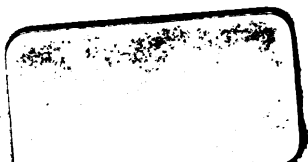
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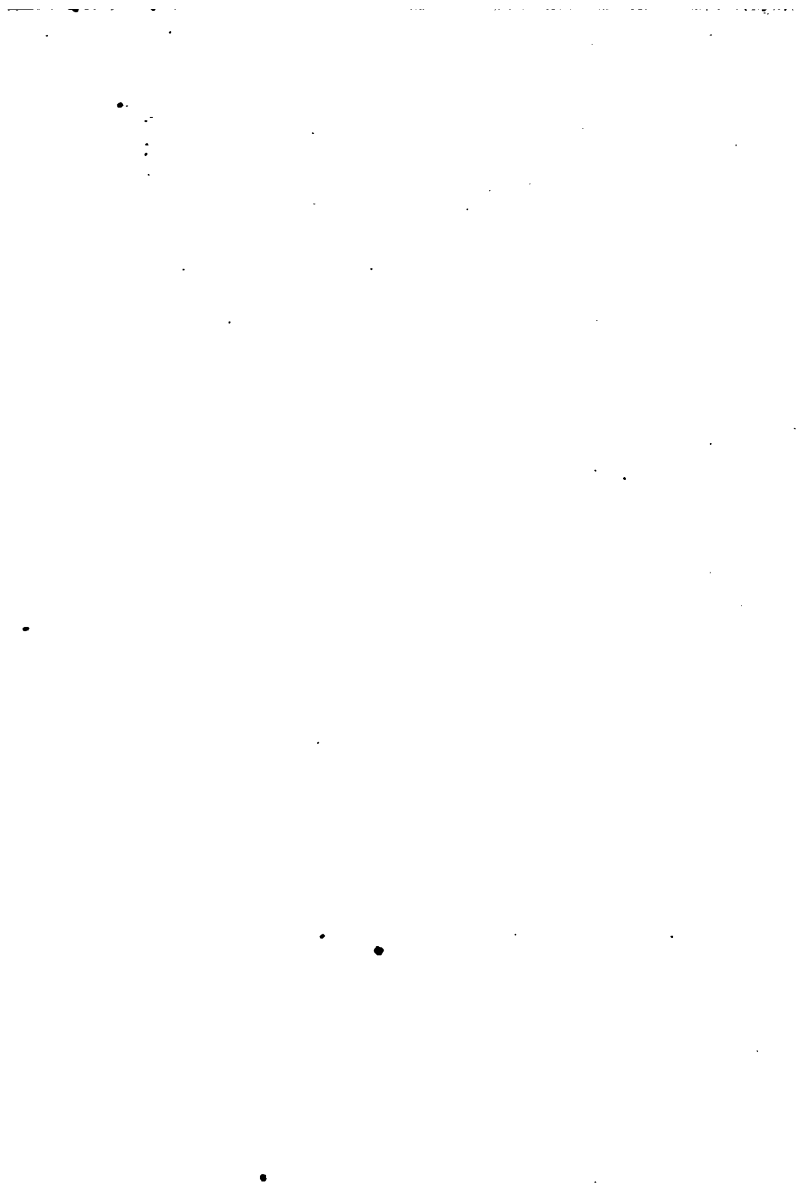
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THE
CHRISTENING CAKE

280 f 1979





THE
CHRISTENING CAKE,

▲

NEW NURSERY BALLAD.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON :
JOHN LEE, 440, WEST STRAND.

1842.

"At one end of the saloon, a table was placed for the reception of the Christening Cake, which had been removed untouched and entire from before Her Majesty on the dinner table in St. George's Hall. Another table supported a gigantic punch bowl, containing negus.

* * * * *

"Her Majesty proceeded to the colossal bowl, from which she took a glass to the health of the Prince of Wales.

* * * * *

"Many significant looks were directed towards the Cake, and it was expected that the Queen herself would have ordered hostilities to commence against it; but Her Majesty appeared unwilling to spoil this remarkable specimen of first-rate confectionary, and it therefore remained *in statu quo*."

Morning Post, Jan. 26, 1842.



AUTREFOIS.

When good King Arthur rul'd the land,
He rul'd it like a king ;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal
To make a nice pudding.

And when the pudding it was made,
They stuck it full of plums,
And lumps of suet were put in
As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen ate of the same,
And all the Court beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried.

(Old Ballad.)

AUJOURD'HUI.

When great Victoria rul'd the land,
She rul'd it like a queen ;
She had a Princess and a Princee
Not very far between.

The Princess was a girl, you'll guess,
A pretty little thing ;
Yet parties all agreed in this—
She never could be King.

But ere the year its course had run,
What universal joy !
On Lord Mayor's Day, there came to light,
A glorious, princely Boy !

The Queen gazetted him next week,
The caudle ran in pails ;
She girded on his little sword,
And call'd him " Prince of Wales."

" The Christening shall be superb,
And worthy of our state."
So spoke the Queen to Albert, her
Most true and royal mate.

" The Bishops and Archbishops too
Will come at our command ;
But who, dear Consort, can we ask
As Godfather to stand ?"

" What think you of the great Lord Mayor ?"
(He said it just in sport.)
" The Lord Mayor's very well far East ;
But he'll not do at Court."

“ A thought has just occur’d to me :

If etiquette permits,

I’ll take a pen and ink myself,

And write to ‘**Lieber Fritz.**’

I’ll ask him from Berlin at once

By steam and rail to run,

And Sponsor at the font to stand

To our most princely Son.”

The King sent greeting to the Prince,

And to the Queen-Mamma ;

I know not all the note contain’d ;

The pith of it was “**Ja.**”

In both the Royal Palaces

What bustle now prevails !

All tongues are echoing the words,

“ The King !” “ the Prince of Wales !”

" Send the Court Pastry-cook to me."

Such was the Queen's command :

" I'll order with my royal lips

The work he takes in hand.

My wedding-cakes were well design'd,

And good, I recollect ;

And from an Artiste of your note

Great things I now expect.

'Tis eighty years since Britain's Queen

To Prince of Wales was mother ;

'Twill be as long, I rather hope,

Before we have another.

The fame of this our Christening-Cake

Shall reach to distant lands !

Now go ; remember, we expect

Perfection at your hands."

The Artiste left the presence, with
A heart as big as two :
“ Now Chantrey’s dead, oh ! what am I
For a design to do ?

Not to excel on such a day,
Would be a shame and pity ;
I’ll write a circular, and call
A cotton-cap committee.

A grand design is in my mind :
My friends, I look to you
To join your energies with mine ;
We must ourselves outdo !

This work of art, I’m well convinc’d,
Will gain the Royal favour ;
The outside shall be grand, but most
I pique myself on flavour.”

At Greenwich stairs the King arrives,
 (The Fire-brand fetch'd him over ;)
'Twas thought more striking and more grand
 Than landing him at Dover.

The Pensioners were rang'd in rows,
 Those rich in wound and scar,
Won in the glorious Victory
 Of Nelson—Trafalgar.

The poor old men were full of joy ;
 They jump'd on wooden pegs,
And vow'd they had not seen such fun
 Since the day they lost their legs.

The happy morn at Windsor dawn'd,
 The little Prince was christen'd ;
The bells and guns you might have heard
 In London, if you listen'd.

The Banquet serv'd, the brilliant throng
Proceed their seats to take ;
The plate was grand—yet ev'ry eye
Was fix'd upon the Cake !

The thistle, rose, and shamrock twin'd,
The royal arms and star ;
The Prussian eagle rais'd on high,
To please the God-papa.

The little sugar boys—you long'd
To take 'em in your lap,
Just like the little Prince—(that is,
Without his robes and cap).

The King rose—"Now," said he, "a Toast,
In which you'll all agree ;
The little Christian, Royal Prince !
(But don't have three times three)."

"The Royal Pair" was soon propos'd
 By general desire ;
 Victoria look'd, as if to say,
 "Now, Ladies, we'll retire."

They whisper'd as they went up stairs,
 In discontented tone,
 "Those horrid men will never dare
 To cut it when we're gone?"

A Concert was perform'd—so grand,
 The very ceilings shake ;
 The guests applaud, but still their minds
 Dwell on the uncut cake !

Hope dawns again ! a door thrown back
 Displays a table spread,
 A bowl of negus !—some, I think,
 Would have lik'd punch instead.

In matchless beauty stood the Cake,
The glory of the day ;
And now each lady hop'd to take
A little bit away.

A sugar arm or little leg,
A relic e'er so small ;
A feather from the Eagle's wing—
That would be best of all.

The Queen, with ladle in her hand,
Approached the steaming bowl ;
“ The health of the dear Prince, our son,
We drink with heart and soul.”

She cast a look upon the Cake ;
The guests thought “ Now or never !”
The very little sugar boys
Seem'd more tip-toe than ever.

Prince Albert rais'd a knife and fork ;
Victoria look'd a frown ;
So, with a disappointed air,
He laid the weapons down.

She rose—and the distinguish'd guests
Their last obeisance make ;
All murmuring, as they left the room,
“ She never cut the Cake !”

The Queen and Prince, like other folks,
Their party gone away,
Sat for five minutes, chatting o'er
The pleasures of the day.

“ When I've enjoy'd a fête so much
I really cannot tell ;
From early morn till now, midnight,
All things went off so well !”

“ Nay, sweet Victoria, pardon me,
 You make a slight mistake ;
 For every thing *did not go off*.”—
 (He glanc’d toward the Cake.)

The Queen, who felt she must explain
 A conduct so mysterious,
 Smil’d at the Prince, and took his hand :
 He look’d a little serious.

“ Consider our expenses, love ;
 Outgoings are so great—
 Receiving foreign Potentates
 With all this form and state.

Our family increases fast,
 And cakes are very dear ;
 The Prussian Eagle laid aside,
 We’ll keep it for next year !”

MORAL.

Now, children, great and little, take example
by the Queen,—

Not she who fried the pudding, but Victoria

I mean :

Take care of all your sweetmeats, and be sure
your pence you save ;

Remember, if you eat your cake, your cake
you cannot have.

FINIS.

